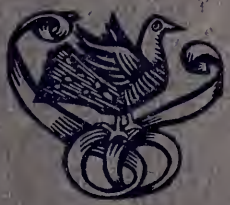
Clara Keene

The Chatterbox

Volume II Number 4



FEBRUARY, 1908

LITTLETON COLLEGE LITTLETON, N. C.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://www.archive.org/details/chatterbox1908littfeb

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

1.	The Rightful Place of Bible Study in the Life	*M. Nutt*	117
2.	Mysteries	*Pauline Herring '08*	122
3.	A Suggestion	*Julia Cutter Auten*	128
4.	The Hand of Destiny	*Willietta Evans '11*	132
5.	Poem—St. Valentine	*E. B. H. '09*	134
6.	The Outdoing of Mr. Grey	*Brownye Giles '11*	135
7.	Editorial		139
8.	Y. W. C. A.	*Mollie Stephenson '09*	141
9.	Exchange	*Helen Earnhardt '08*	142
10.	Abroad	*Edith B. Simmons '09*	143
11.	Among Us	*Pauline Herring '08*	145
12.	Have You Heard the Latest?	*Bernice Hornaday '08*	148
13.	Wanted		151
14.	College Directory		152

Business Manager's Notice.

All charges for advertisements are payable after first insertion.
Send all subscriptions to the Business Manager, CLARA HEARNE.

SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS!

The Chatterbox.

Vol. II. FEBRUARY, 1908. No. 4.

Literary Department.

The Rightful Place of Bible Study in the Life.

M. Nutt.

As college girls there are many and varied problems that confront us, but none more all-important than the things that make for our spiritual lives. We are content to spend our youth in the training and discipline of schools, that the years to come may bear the richest blessings. Only one life to live, we wish to make the most of it. Lived haphazard, it profits nothing, we must have a goal, a plan; and in all our planning it is most interesting to remember, that, "He who made us and breathed in us the breath of life," has a plan for every life made—and what wonderful genius His!

The religion of Jesus Christ may be made to fill the whole earth by the personal and individual effort of the individual. The world can not be won by the ministry alone, but by each who knows the story telling some other—not only telling with the lips, but *more*—telling with the life. It was Mr. Beecher who said: "The longer I live, the more confidence I have in the sermons preached where one man is the minister, and one the congregation; and, it makes all the difference if we are *living* the story."

"Life is not the mere length of days, but the daily web of character we unconsciously weave. Our thoughts, imagina-

tions, purposes, motives, will, love, form the underthreads; and the passing moment is the shuttle swiftly, ceaselessly, relentlessly weaving those threads into a web, and that web is life. It is not woven by our willing or wishing, but irresistibly, unavoibably woven by what we are moment by moment." We long that the future may fulfill all the desires which flood our young hearts! We long for popularity, the love of friends! We long for clear, far-sighted judgment. We long to work without friction! We long to peep into the future to see if after all we are to obtain. Life's problems get in such a tangle sometimes, but there is always a remedy, a real satisfaction—and it is found in the dear old book mother loved. It is the telescope, the microscope, the one book that solves all the problems of life.

It is so easy for us to forget we are not our own, but Christ's, and to act as though we were our own masters—but —"Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price," and the quiet, daily communion in being still and hearing the message through the word, brings joy and, with it, the vivid reminder of his ownership.

We can not content ourselves with the fact that we are in Bible classes. It is not intellectual study that is of first importance, for the roots of faith are not in knowledge. The intellectual is not to be discounted in the least, it is of vast importance, and the world could lose her libraries of books rather than the 66 in this volume, viewing it simply as a storehouse of essential knowledge. But it is that Bible-study which makes us better girls to-morrow than to-day—devotional study—which opens to us the possibilities of our lives and gives real power in the individual life.

That word power has always been a mystery. For ages men have been anxious to know just what it is, what is behind it, what makes it. We call it electricity, but after all we know little more than a mere name. It drives the en-

gine, it moves the car! There is something that comes down the long wire, runs down the pole, gets into the machinery and moves things; but just what it is no one seems to know. Had we waited upon analysis before we attempted to harness it, we would still be going about in the primitive way, and live in the days of our great-grandfathers; but, we have not waited upon analysis, we have considered utility.

There is, after all, the very same mystery in spiritual power, and the girl who waits on analysis will never go on to usefulness; but we can lay hold of His power even though we can not define it; and we have learned our very best lesson when we discover it is within the reach of every willing hand and heart. Do we want it? Then, take His message: "Abide in me"; and with it that one from Olivet, "Tarry ye."

Our spiritual lives are measured by our spiritual resources, and our spiritual resources are measured by the limitless storehouse of a tender Father.

So often girls say, "I know I ought to give time to daily Bible study, but I seem to have none to give. The room is cold, and it is inconvenient in the morning, and when night comes am tired; all through the day there is so much to do and I can find no time for it." But, girls, we have all the time of a lifetime; as His children, we are going to live all eternity, and we are only getting ready for it down here. We may classify all we do under four heads: the unimportant, the important, the more important and the most important. Can it be we would put the most important, the unimportant?

Ruskin says: "He who would understand a painting, must give himself to it." Can it be less true of God's word? Even Jesus found it necessary to study the Word, and He made the indwelling word a condition of answered prayer: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

We trace the lives of the leaders of the church in the post-

Apostolic times, and in every one a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures is the foundation of character. It was by this "Sword of the spirit" that Justin Martyr, Origen, Jerome, Augustine and other heroes of the faith were able to overrule all opposition of their times. All reformers have been profound students of the Scriptures. Would you know the deep things of God? then there must be time for the study of the Word. It should be with the same spirit that characterized Samuel, when he said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

It seems appropriate to give the early morning hour—the first of the day. Then the mind is fresh, the heart open, the life unspoiled by the new day, and this was the time used by many of the early heroes of the precious old book.

You remember, after Moses had pleaded for Israel, that God chose an hour of meeting with him (Exodus 34: 2), and when he returned from that mountain top of privilege, "He wist not that his face shone."

David kept the early morning hour (Ps. 5: 3). Jesus kept it (Mark 1: 35). Yes, the numbers are many, but these are sufficient to recall to us our own privilege and responsibility.

"At the gray dawn while yet the world is sleeping,
And the sweet matins of the birds begin—
One who hath held me in His holy keeping,
Standeth at my threshold waiting to come in.

Oft He had knocked to give me gentle warning;
My heart seemed willing but my flesh how weak!
Until one morning; oh, that blessed morning
When my own name, I heard Him speak.

Peace fell upon me while to Him I listened,
And in that sacred hour I talked with Christ
As ne'er before, and we together christened
With tears of joy, new joy, our sacred tryst.

Can I afford to miss such rare communion?
To let the health of my own soul decline?
May Christ forbid, His grace secured the union,
While I am truly His and He is mine."

Bible study should be the testimony side of prayer. God's word is very precious, and yet so often we read it hurriedly, with no thought or meditation—and we do not recognize the message, and we fail to recognize the voice.

We are living in a strenuous age, where freedom of life, freedom of thought and freedom from constraint of all kinds is the demand of the hour. To meet its exigencies there must be a three-fold development of our womanhood. We are building for eternity, and a large structure demands a deep and well laid foundation. Are we building a character strong and courageous? Have we a clear, far-sighted judgment? Is there that power in us that energizes and vitalizes? Are our faces radiant with the inward peace of God? Have we a deep prayer-life? Can we work without friction through the busy days? If so, then we have paid the price, in that we have given ourselves to the word of God.

A resolute determination will find a way, will find a time, will fix a plan, will stick to it, and there is nothing more powerful to purify and strengthen life, because it is a personal message to the heart and will. God can do great and wonderful things for us, if we will only give Him our confidence.

The Psalmist said, "Great peace have they that love thy Law; and they have no occasion of stumbling."

Let us lift up our eyes and look, but be careful on what we look. Lot lifted his eyes and saw Sodom and its calls to forgetfulness of God; Abraham lifted his eyes and saw the promises of God; Jesus lifted His and saw the fields white for the harvest. If we only look out on our level, we shall see nothing but worldliness and discouragement; but if we look up and give ourselves to His word, we shall have His peace.

Mysteries.

PAULINE HERRING, '08.

"Marguerite, I don't, I can't believe it is Steve. Please say that it isn't Steve Wendell. But see and read for yourself."

Marguerite took the paper from Louise's trembling hand and read the following paragraph in the daily paper:

"Mr. Stephen Wendell and Miss Clarissa Willis, both of Lincoln, N. C., were quietly married at the home of the bride, on Wednesday evening, January 1st, 1907."

Now it was Marguerite's turn to be amazed. She looked alternately from the paper to Louise, who had suddenly become very pale over this startling news.

"Heavens! To be sure it isn't your Steve. And, yet, he practices there, you know. It must be, but how could he—"

"I understand now why he hasn't written me. His mysterious actions are explained at last," said Louise. "I bet that idiot he's tying himself to is the one that has tried to win his heart ever since he's been at Lincoln. I hope she is satisfied now." As she spoke, large unshed tears glistened in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth began to twitch, but Louise was of a very independent nature.

"I'm so glad everything is explained, but the idea of Steve's doing me like this! I took him to be a gentleman, but there's no confidence to be put in men, none! Why didn't he tell me! As if I care! It would have saved me from all this suspense. He certainly had a nerve to ask that woman to marry him after asking me. A man that would do such a thing—and to think it is Steve Wendell!" Louise was flushed and excited while she spoke.

"What will you do with his letters and frat. pin?" asked Marguerite.

"Burn them, or send them to his wife," replied Louise. "Of course I couldn't think of wearing the pin any longer."

Louise and Marguerite were good friends and had been ever since they first met up with each other at college, where they still were now. It was Louise's senior year at Sidbury. She had done splendid work the first part of the year, for was there not a bright future before her? On the night before she left for school in September, Steve Wendell asked her to be his wife. She begged him not to ask her until she had finished school, but he would not wait that long, so she finally consented after much pleading from Steve. The engagement was not to be announced until after she had received her degree at Sidbury. School would be a thing of the past when she should see Steve again, because he told her that he would not see her again until he went to claim her for his bride, and of course that would not be till after she had completed. How romantic it seemed to her, yet it was quite a long time till May. She determined, however, to do an honorable year's work, even though she had to content herself with letters from Steve instead of seeing him.

He wrote regularly to her until nearly Thanksgiving, when his letters began to come somewhat slowly, but Louise did not think much about that, as she, too, had been somewhat negligent of writing to him since examination, which came on about this time. But Christmas came and not but one short letter from Steve since Thanksgiving. Love is blind, so Louise contented herself with the thought that he would surprise her with a long letter on Christmas day when he sent her present. In vain did she look for a glimpse of the familiar hand, while searching through the packages and letters she received on Christmas day. It was a dreary Christmas for her, but she would not admit it to any one, not even to Marguerite when they both returned to college after the holidays, but Marguerite was too much to deceive.

"Louise," she said soon after their return, "you're grieving

yourself sick over Steve Wendell. I know you are because your looks show it; you were not like that before Christmas. Write to Steve and find out what's gone wrong. There's no harm in doing a simple thing like that."

But Louise refused to take on to this suggestion. "She would not give up to any man like that; if Steve wanted to throw her over for some one else after such an ardent suit to her, let him do it," she said. "She didn't have to depend on his love for her future existence." So she determined to set to work, and thought before long she would forget Steve.

A few weeks afterwards, Louise, worried and tired, went up to Marguerite's room after school. She could not study lately; she was losing interest in everybody and everything. What was she to do? She must pass on her examinations if she finished that year, so she tried and tried to work this feeling off, but it would not wear off. It was so easy to get her lessons before Christmas, Steve's letters to look forward to, to cheer her on in her work; but now— While she sat lost in these thoughts, her eyes suddenly fell upon the marriage column in the daily paper, when the paragraph in the opening of the story attracted her attention.

* * * * * * *

About the first of February Louise Weston was standing by the bedside of her mother, who was very ill. Of course Louise was anxious about the condition of her mother, but she welcomed the thought of going away from Sidbury. Perhaps the change would be beneficial to her by helping her to *forget*. Ah! would she ever forget? She told herself she would some day. She bade Marguerite good-bye and was soon on her way home.

Louise found her mother in a critical state, but soon, with careful nursing on her part, and skillful management on the part of the physicians, she was pronounced out of danger. Louise gave a sigh of relief when her mother showed signs of improvement, for she loved her dearly, and thought that while

she was nursing her back to health she would gradually but eventually FORGET.

One day she was sitting on her mother's couch, gently stroking her hands. She noticed that her mother kept her eyes intently fixed upon her. Presently she said, Louise, did you know that Steve Wendell is at home now?"

The color stole over Louise's face as she replied, "Yes, you mean his home at Lincoln? I heard of his marri—"

"No, I mean his old home here."

Louise turned her burning face away from her mother, lest she might read the disappointment in her expression.

"Why did he come and interrupt my stay at home just as I am beginning to forget," she thought. "Perhaps I will not even see him after all, as he is only down here on a short visit to his mother and will hasten back to his new bride." She was gazing blankly into the past. "How different from this time last year. The 14th of February," she recalled. "I had not thought of this fact before. Steve called to see me on his way to Lincoln, and as he left he smilingly wafted me a kiss, saying that he would be my Valentine if I would only give him the chance, but to-day, how different everything"—"What did you say, mother"!

"He has just returned from the hospital in Baltimore, where he has been ever since before the holidays," said her mother.

"Ever since before the holidays?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"Why, he was married the first of January to a—"

"Indeed he wasn't," said her mother. "Old Mrs. Wendell was here to see me just before I was taken sick, and she told me then that she was expecting him soon from the hospital. He had an operation performed, but is almost well now. He intended coming home Christmas, but was compelled to go to the hospital instead. I suppose he is here resting up before going back to work."

Louise sat like one in a dream. Could this be true? Was it possible that Steve Wendell was not married as the paper stated? There was some mistake somewhere. Then she related to her mother about Steve's marriage to a lady in Lincoln.

"It must be another Stephen Wendell," she suggested. "Why you and he are—"

Louise closed the door softly and went to her room to think out the meaning of this dream, for a dream it seemed.

That night she was seated in the parlor waiting for the doctor, whom she expected, to see her mother. She was nervous and excited over the news of the day. What if Steve were not married after all. Her mother might have been mistaken as to what Mrs. Wendell said about Steve. And if he were not, why did he stop writing to her? After all—"

She went to answer the door bell. "Come in, Doctor." But this was not the Doctor.

"Louise!"

"Oh, Stev—Mr. Wendell is it? Come in to the parlor," said Louise.

He followed her into the room and seated himself opposite to her.

She made a few casual remarks about the weather, and then asked him how long he expected to be there.

Ignoring her question, he asked, "Louise, have you no pity, no sympathy for me? Did you not care whether or not I lived or died at the hospital? Why did you not write me just one word of sympathy? And you did not even answer my letter."

"Your letter? It is you who didn't answer mine. You owed me one," replied Louise.

Here was a mystery.

"Is it a—a mistake about your being married, Steve"? asked Louise.

"Me married! Louise, do you think I would marry any-

body on this earth but you, or have you broken your promise? Oh! Louise, you can never know how I have suffered these last few months. While I was at the hospital, I longed and waited for a message from you. Your letters are always so full of sunshine, just the kind to keep a fellow cheered up. Didn't you receive the diamond I had sent to you Christmas?

"No," she replied.

She then told him how she, too, had looked and waited for a letter from him; that she had given up all hopes, especially when she saw an account of the marriage of a Stephen Wendell of Lincoln.

"Well, at any rate, dearest, I am not married, and as everything seems to be a mystery, will it be another if I tell you that I still love you more than I can tell? Won't you give me back by old place in your heart?"

In answer to this pleading, Louise extended both her hands to his and, looking longingly into his eyes, said, "Yes, I will grant you what you asked me one year ago to-day—be your Valentine."

But some of the mysteries must be explained. Soon after this meeting, Louise received the following letter:

"My Own Dear Louise:—The mystery of the letters, diamond and my marriage is at last explained. After leaving you I went back to Baltimore to see the physicians, and the nurses who were so kind to me while I was there, and to have the remainder of my belongings sent home. While packing I ran across a small box, exactly like the one in which your diamond was. Imagine my surprise when, on opening it, I found the same diamond I requested my nurse to send to you. This, with the letter I wrote, she failed to send you on account of—but that does not matter now.

"When I got back to Lincoln, I immediately began enquiring whether or not there was a man living in Lincoln or anywhere near bearing the name of Stephen Wendell, and to my astonishment as well as intense relief, I found that there was a drummer who spends a great deal of his time here, bearing that name. I also heard that he was married in January to a Miss Clarissa Willis.

"And the last mystery, but not least in importance is, that you still love your Steve."

A Suggestion.

JULIA CUTTER AUTEN.

"History is so hard for me, I just can't remember names and dates."

Very often I have heard this remark from students following a prescribed course of study and from others interested in the events of history for the sake of knowing.

There are a number of subjects, the study of which may give the student of music a foothold in the history of her art and pave the way for a broader and more comprehensive course. I shall name only three of an objective nature; these may suggest others.

Notation, the system of indicating pitch and time values by means of notes and rests placed upon a staff with clef, time and key signatures, will take one back to the letter system of the Greeks, who used sixty-seven characters. The beginning of our modern staff is found 900 A. D., when Hucbald wrote the words to be sung in the spaces between lines which represented the strings of a musical instrument. About one hundred and twenty-five years later Guido d' Arezzo introduced a four-line staff, indicating pitch by queer little figures called neumes, which look very much like the characters in use in short-hand to-day. It was not until the twelfth century that notes were used to indicate duration of time, as well as pitch. This is only a bare indication of some of the interesting points in the study of Notation. One may learn of the ancient Choral notes, the importance of color—red, white, black, and of the order in which the notes stood.

How much do we know about musical instruments? Probably the first was a hollow log beaten with a stick and producing more of rhythm than of tone, proving the former the more elemental and the more important factor in music. The

Æolian harp might come next, a stringed instrument literally played by the breezes and emitting enchanting harmonies. The pianoforte is the most widely used (and abused) and best known musical instrument of to-day. It is almost as fascinating to trace its evolution from the harp (for what is a piano but a large harp whose strings are sounded by hammers operated by keys?) to the Arab santir, the virginal, clavichord, and on to our own concert grand, as to try to prove that man is descended from an ape! The piano, at least until very recently, has been continually improved, in action, pedals, compass, volume and quality of tone, etc. A piano fifty years old is considered worthless except as a curiosity or a relic. It is interesting in this connection to note that no improvement has been made in the violin since the days of Amati and Stradivarius, two hundred years ago, and that age only enhances its value.

If we find something to interest us in the methods of writing music and in the evolution of the instruments on which it is given expression, how much more engrossing will be the lives of the men who have created it, for the greatest interests of life are human and personal. And as the history of a nation is read in the biographies of its great men, so the history of music may be found in the lives of its composers.

Do not try to remember all the details given in biographical sketches, but select the most important: the period and the country in which a composer lived, the early influences in his life, the teachers under whom he studied, and one or two of his contemporaries. Other points will follow naturally.

When studying Mozart, his compositions will have more charm if one remembers and traces in them the fact that he lived in festive Vienna with its balls and court functions, its gallant courtiers and fair ladies, its light heartedness and surface gaiety. And who can forget his devotion to his frail little wife, his stealing out of their bedchamber in the early

morning, leaving a note pinned to the pillow to tell his dear love he had heard the song of a bird and had gone to write it out and so keep it for her.

In Chopin one traces the fine feelings of a keenly sensitive nature, and especially the sorrows and anguish of Poland, the culmination of many years' struggle for Freedom, expressed in the music of this gifted son.

Schumann is to music what Browning is to literature. Follow him in his study of law, which he leaves at the call of the Muse, his love for the daughter of his teacher and his faithfulness to Clara during the years of her father's opposition. The culmination of their love is marked by some of the masterpieces of musical literature, both in song and instrumental form. In the breadth of Schumann's compositions does not one find an expression of his character, ever ready to recognize and hail genius in a young member of his own profession,—a trait not too common among musicians?

To know Grieg one must know Norway with its ice and snow, its fiords and midnight sun, its fairies and folk lore. His intense nationalism is everywhere apparent: have you heard how he rejected, because it was addressed to him at *Stockholm,* a medal of honor, with the comment, "I am no Swede!"

Study our own Edward MacDowell: the delicacy, the strength, the perfection of his work, will give you respect and honor for the man who would not compromise with his conscience, but gave the best that was in him to his art. And then you will wonder more at the lack of appreciation on the part of his countrymen who let him burn out, in early life, the light God gave, in a hopeless effort to earn a livelihood by the drudgery of teaching.

Do not think of history primarily as a matter of names and dates. But as the works of a new composer are taken up, study his life, remembering the human, personal elements,

and look for the influence these have had on his music. With a knowledge of Notation, of the evolution of the pianoforte, and of the lives of the great composers, you will have a fair foundation for and perhaps a growing eagerness to know the broader significance of the History of Music.

"The Hand of Destiny."

WILLIETTA EVANS, '11.

After many hard tasks and much discouragement, the time had at last come when Nan Smith had finished her course; and now she was ready for a situation—one of her great desires being to earn her own spending money. Just for the sake of the trip she had accepted a position with an invalid in one of the western cities, until the school had opened, where she had accepted the position of trained nurse.

Being fond of out-door life, every evening, while in Kansas, she went out for a promenade in one of the parks. One afternoon, while out walking with several of her friends, she noticed a very nice looking young man, and wondered who he might be, although she said nothing. He had no idea that he had ever been seen by this tall, dark-eyed girl, who struck him as being his ideal girl. Nan went to the park every day and she saw this man so often, it was not long before she found herself looking for him. He did not dream that she had seen him, but after having seen her so many days in succession by chance, he would go out there just to catch a glimpse of her beauty.

September came, and then Nan left to take the position of trained nurse at Nordhoff, and after getting accustomed to her new surroundings, the man whom she had seen while in Kansas, but whom she had never met, was scarcely remembered by her at all. Occasionally she related to a group of enthusiastic girls events of her short stay in Kansas, often mentioning her walk in the park, and then sometimes he would come into her memory, and then she would think to herself, "If I only knew his name," yet she never mentioned the unknown man to any of the girls—the man in whom she thought she would find her ideal, he had such pleasing manners. Her life in Nordhoff as the nurse was very pleasant that year, so she accepted the position for the next session.

During the spring of her second year at the college she received a letter from Mrs. Cheney in Kansas City (Nan's first patient), asking her to return to her as soon as the session at Nordhoff was out. At first Nan hesitated to go, for she had been offered a position to care for a lady who was going to London and other European cities, that paid her more than the Kansas situation paid, and, too, it was such an opportunity—maybe it would be the only chance she would ever have to cross the ocean. She did not hesitate long, however, she was so attached to Mrs. Cheney.

She left Nordhoff for the West the first of June and was soon at work in the usual way. She had not been back very long when one afternoon she received a note from Elsie Bynum, one of the best friends that Nan had made during her short stay the two summers before, inviting her to go with her and her friend, Mr. James Dey, for a drive in the country on the following day, stating that they would drive around for her. Nan was very glad to accept the invitation, and when they came up she was all ready to go. Elsie introduced Nan to Mr. Dey, and immediately he recognized this girl as being his girl of the park. His face seemed familiar to Nan, but of course she had never seen this young man before, she thought.

After this drive Nan and Mr. Dey became very good friends, and afterward, when she went for her usual walk, James—as she had long since learned to call him—went with her, and it was on one of these walks that he told her all about how he had been to the park just to see her, hoping that some time, some way he might meet her. He told Nan of the love he had had for her since the first time he had seen her, and then asked her if she could not return a "little bit" of it. All this Nan listened to very intently, and when he had finished talking, Nan said, "I can return a 'big bit' if you do not mind."

In a short while Mr. and Mrs. Dey were on their bridal tour to all the European cities.

St. Valentine.

E. B. H., '09.

We always hail the glad Christmas-tide
With joy, good-will and cheer;
But now we will lay all those aside
For the very best time of the year.

The time when lovers will make their vows,
And blue-birds mate, you know,
When deep in our hearts love will arouse
The story of long ago.

On a throne of love Cupid holds sway
And draws his tiny bow,
To shower the arrows in every way
And watch the heart's blood flow.

This is a day we always have fun
Watching Cupid play his part,
Wounding the hearts of every one
With his sly little dart.

Has no one guessed this day of joy and mirth,
When the tendrils of love entwine
Together the hearts of all on earth?
'Tis the day of St. Valentine!

The Outdoing of Mr. Grey.

Brownye Giles, '11.

Just before Muriel went to spend the summer with her aunt she received lots of letters, telling her what fun she was going to have, what a beautiful place it was, how lively the number of summer visitors that were expected; but along with this always came a warning.

Aunt Kate was the first. She wrote:

"My dear, before you come to see us, I want to warn you *not* to fall in love with Clarence Grey. He, dear, is a boy who proposes to every girl who comes here, and so, of course, he never means it."

Uncle Tom wrote about the same thing.

Cousin Jack wrote, "Muriel, I am expecting much pleasure in your coming, but don't be the fool most girls are and get head over ears in love with Clarence Grey."

The last thing mama told her when she left was to beware of Mr. Grey. When she reached the depot Aunt Kate and the family met her; every one seemed so glad to see her. After the friendly greetings were over, Aunt Kate went with her to her room to dress for dinner. She said, "My dear, I hope that you've taken my advice about Mr. Grey."

"Yes, Auntie, I think I am afraid of him."

After dinner, as Muriel and her Cousin Evelyn were sitting on the couch in the drawing-room, they began talking of Mr. Grey.

"I just know that he will be over to see you, because he always calls on new girls."

"If he does come I am actually afraid to look at him. Is there any danger in falling in love with him at first sight? *Please* describe him."

"Yes, Muriel, he is just the handsomest boy—very tall,

with the most bewitching brown eyes, that look at you and make you wish they were yours. He's grand! Only he proposes too often and has the sweetest way of doing it! If anybody would stop him from being so silly he'd be grand. Say, Muriel, aren't you somewhat of a flirt? Can't you match him?"

"My dear, I am actually afraid to look at him, but if the gentleman appears on the scene I shall try to give him enough *one* time. See if I don't!"

That evening Clarence Grey was first among the callers. Of them all he was the most attentive to Muriel. He asked to call the next day, and in the many successive calls usually managed to see Muriel alone. Every one said that is another one of his flirtations.

One afternoon after Muriel had been there about two weeks, he asked her to go automobiling with him. She ran upstairs to get her hat. She gave Evelyn, who was combing her hair, a turn around the room. Any one seeing her would have thought something delightful was going to happen.

Giving Jack, who accompanied her to the gate, a sly look, she and Clarence started off.

The conversation was commonplace enough at first, but after—Muriel, thinking that Clarence Grey wasn't such a bad boy after all and that people had misjudged him, was startled when, all of a sudden, he proposed. As Evelyn had said, he did it in such a charming manner that any one not knowing him might think that he was in earnest. Muriel patiently heard him through; then, after waiting a few minutes, but without asking any questions, she accepted.

This was entirely new to Clarence. He thought, of course, that she would refuse, and then he would try to persuade her, (or at least pretend to be trying). But, instead, she had accepted him on the spot.

What was he to do? Of course he must seem very much

pleased, but she acted with such an air that he felt compelled to stay at a distance.

Two weeks later the engagement was announced. The marriage was to come off on the twenty-third of October. Clarence's sad expression did not look like that of an engaged man.

One day as Muriel and Clarence were going down town she said to him, "Let's make an order for our invitations." They went into a store and selected the kind they wanted. Clarence did not seem very much interested, but she pretended not to notice it.

"Let's order four hundred—two hundred for my friends, and won't two hundred be enough for your friends, Clarence, dear?" After making the order they went on down the street (as Muriel was to leave for home the next day), to say good-bye to some of her friends.

It was now about the middle of September. Clarence had been looking of late as if he did not feel quite well. One day he called on the family physician. He dropped down in a chair and remained silent for a while. Finally the physician broke the silence. "Look here, boy; you need a tonic. What's wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing! I don't need any tonic," he said crossly. "Say, Doctor, if you were engaged to a girl that you didn't care a straw for, what would you do? Here I am to be married within three weeks; goodness knows, I'd rather die!"

"If I'd gone that far I should certainly marry her," said the Doctor.

Thus matters ran on until the last of the week, when Clarence received the following invitation:

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Markham request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Muriel Louise to Mr. Edward Graham Clarendon, on October the twenty-third, nineteen hundred and seven. At St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Toronto, Canada. At home after December 30, 1907, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

And with this came the following:

MY DEAR CLARENCE:—I knew it was wrong to tease you as I did, but you will be only too glad to excuse me. It was such a good opportunity that I couldn't resist the temptation.

Remember me as your friend,

MURIEL MARKHAM.

The Chatterbox.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, $1.00: Single Copy, 15 Cents,

For sale at Room 150, Music Hall.

All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

STAFF:

MARY MAYO, '08, . . Editor-in-Chief
CLARA HEARNE, '08, Business Manager
LUCIE ROSS, '08, } Assistant Business Managers.
SALLIE JORDAN, 09, }

Associate Editors:

BLANCH HOLT, '09, }
BESSIE BOONE, '09, } . . . . Literary.
MOLLIE STEPHENSON, '09, . Y W C A.
EDITH SIMMONS, ... Abroad.
PAULINE HERRING, '08, . . Among Us.
HELEN EARNHARDT, '08, . Exchange.
BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Editorial.

The Littleton *Times-Herald* of January 24, 1908, contains, under the heading, "A Good Resolution Well Kept," a few very timely words of appreciation for Littleton College and its work. It is always gratifying to know that one's worth is recognized, that one's work is approved; and to those who have the best interest of the college at heart and are working with might and main for its best success—as who of us are not?—these words of appreciation and approval are particularly gratifying, coming as they do, not from a country far distant, but from our own home town. It seems the very irony of fate that a prophet should be "not without honor save in his own country"; that those who most of all failed to see and approve what was best in us, should be those nearest to us; but so it sometimes happens. As a proof that this is not always true, however, we are pleased to read and quote the

following: "*The Times-Herald,* in common with the considerate people of Littleton, feels much interest in this growing institution, and we are pleased to state that there are now in the college building more boarding students than ever before." *The Times-Herald* is right about it all. Littleton College has had in many respects a remarkable history, and the fact that it has done a great work for humanity in general and for North Carolina and Littleton in particular, is indisputable. By virtue of the good it has done and will continue to do, it claims and has a right to expect the loyal support of those for whom it has done so much. We thank *The Times-Herald* heartily for its words of commendation.

Copied from one of the current magazines: "We need some one to believe in us—if we do well, we want our work commended, our faith corroborated. The individual who thinks well of you, who keeps his mind on your good qualities and does not look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my brother? I'll tell you: he is one who recognizes the good in me."

Y. W. C. A.

MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON, 09.

We are glad to welcome so many of the new girls as members of our Association.

Rev. J. G. Johnson, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Littleton, preached a splendid temperance sermon in the college chapel third Sunday evening.

A special series of services was held in the college chapel by Rev. J. G. Johnson a few weeks ago. We feel that much good was gotten from these services.

Last Sunday evening the cabinet of the Association for nineteen hundred and eight was elected. The new officers are Misses Edith Simmons, President; Mary Louder, Vice-President; Mollie Mitchell, Secretary; and Virginia Dare Pittman, Treasurer. We trust that the coming year will be the most successful year of the Association, and do not hesitate to say we think it will be with such a zealous cabinet.

We feel safe in saying that the Association during the fall term has done better work than ever before. The cabinet began with this determination and it has been strong. Every member has had her work on her heart, and they have worked together faithfully under the wise leadership of Miss Lee, the President. The membership is much larger than ever before. The financial affairs are in good shape. In fact our Association is in a good, progressive condition in every way.

Exchange Department.

HELEN EARNHARDT, Editor.

It is not such a hard task after all to be editor of the Exchange Department!

Abroad.

EDITH B. SIMMONS, '09.

New York City's New Tunnels.

The year 1908 will be notable among other things for the completion of the first tunnel connecting New York City with Brooklyn, and even more notable for the opening of the first tunnel connecting New York City with New Jersey. Two other tunnels to Brooklyn will be opened in the near future, and a third Brooklyn bridge will soon be nearing completion. At present the only means of coming to New York from the west and south is by ferry-boats from New Jersey and Hoboken.

Improvements in Cuba.

Cuba is moving forward politically, economically and industrially. Under American direction and assistance the work of improvement has progressed wonderfully. The great $5,000,000 wagon road is steadily going forward to completion. The interest in the sanitation of Cuba is of great importance. Hereafter the health of the Cuban people will be a matter of constant care on the part of the central government of the island.

Great Coal Mine Disaster.

On December 6, 1907, the most appalling mine disaster in the history of America occurred at Monongah, W. Va. Out of a population of 3,000, 344 men were killed by the terrible explosion; 250 widows, 1,000 children, and many aged persons have been left without means of support. Only four of the number who were working in the fated mine escaped. A relief fund of $200,000 is being raised for the widows and other sufferers.

Japan to the Front!

Japan is now advancing upon a new undertaking; an international exposition to be held at Tokio in 1912. She has issued an invitation to Europe and America to participate, and much interest is

being taken in it by this country. The official title of the coming exposition will be "The Grand Exposition of Japan."

"Walking Wheels."

This is a new invention made by a Swiss engineer who is often seen walking on the wheels in his own hilly country. The apparatus consists of one wheel for each foot, with brakes to be applied in going down hills, and a check for stopping. The fastening is similar to the method used on skates. Many inhabitants of Switzerland have used the walking wheels with satisfactory results. Walking for ladies, however, would be rather difficult on account of long skirts. The trials already made have proved the usefulness of this new invention.

Another Invention.

Many persons thought, some twenty years ago, that with the introduction of the electric light the doom of the gas industry must be inevitable. The cheapening of electric power seemed to bring the catastrophe for gas even nearer. Recently, an inverted form of incandescent burner has been introduced which has put a new face upon affairs except in the United States. The idea of burning gas upside down has not been grasped by the great cities of our country. Notwithstanding the prejudice against them, during the past year fully a million of these burners have come into use in Great Britain.

Paderewski in America.

Paderewski, the greatest of living pianists, is at present visiting America for the seventh time. Everywhere he is greeted with the greatest enthusiasm.

Among Us.

PAULINE HERRING, '08.

—There seems to be a livelier spirit than usual among us during the past week. We attribute it to the fact that examinations have passed us by for awhile.

—Miss Helen Earnhardt, '08, spent the latter part of last week at her home in Garysburg, N. C.

—Miss Edith Simmons went to the funeral services of her uncle, Mr. ....., at Halifax, N. C., January 24th. She was accompanied by President and Mrs. Rhodes.

—A recital was given in the college chapel Saturday evening, January 25th, which was enjoyed greatly. Several selections were given by the Glee Club, which is doing very creditable work this year. Several of the Central Academy boys have been added to the Glee Club. This addition is quite an improvement to the Club.

—Miss Lizzie Perry, accompanied by Misses Lucile Edwards and Garnet Crocker, visited her parents at Macon, N. C., last week.

—Miss Rebie Morris, '08, spent a few days recently with Miss Louise Rodwell at Macon, N. C.

—The following girls went home last week after finishing their examinations: Misses Mary Sledge, Carson Farrar, Julia Railey, Mattie Moore, Mollie Mitchell, Hope Thompson, Mattie Powell and Rebecca Johnston.

—The seniors were summoned to Miss Hayden's study in the laboratory on Wednesday afternoon of examination week. Trembling, they hurried down there, expecting to take that most dreaded examination on Astronomy. After quizzing them very thoroughly on the subject, Miss Hayden, finding them a hopeless case, heaped coals of fire on their heads by

treating them to an informal lunch. It is needless to say that these unfortunate, yet fortunate seniors, were very grateful to Miss Hayden, when she announced that astronomy was no more.

—Dr. Catharine P. Hayden, of Raleigh, N. C., stopped over a day or two ago to see her daughter, who is teacher of science here.

—Monday night, January 28th, while the other inmates of the college were at supper, feasting as usual on moo-moo and loaf bread, the seniors were wending their way toward Spring Park Hotel, having been requested by Miss Nutt, Bible teacher, and Miss Lanham, teacher of English, to meet them there for a special joint session of Senior English and Bible classes.

Immediately after their arrival, the class opened up in a very unusual way—by playing games, a feature which most teachers do not allow in class, and after that several appropriate music selections were rendered. Still greater was the surprise of the seniors when lo! they found themselves led, not unwillingly, to the dining-room, where was a scene sufficient to dazzle any college girl's eyes. A very long table, for the seniors are a goodly company, was decorated in their class colors—gold and crimson—in the shape of oranges and red carnations.

On each plate was a place card containing the following menu and program for the evening:

1908.

"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

COURSE I.

Chicken—"Bird of heaven."
Waldorf salad—"All the perfumes of Arabia."
Deviled eggs—"Thy head is as full of quarrel as an egg is full of meat."
Tongue sandwich—"The confusion of tongues."
Olives—"The Ethiopian Eunuch."
Biscuit—"The leaven that leaveneth the whole."
"Things we love to feed upon," Miss Nutt.

Course II.

Cream and cake—"Book of Acts."
Toast, by President of Senior Class to Misses Nutt and Lanham.

Course III.

Coffee—"Strength for missionary journeys."
Cheese—"Chief nourisher in life's feasts."
Wafers—"To give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."
"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well," Miss Lanham.

The seniors, for once in their lives, were loath to be dismissed from class. The Book of Acts and Shakespeare, which had hitherto been dry and rather uninteresting, now became pleasant and delightful.

Have You Heard the Latest?

BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Miss Lanham: "Gertie, tell me about John Eliot."

Gertie (thoughtfully): "Well,—he was found dead teaching the Indians."

* * *

Discouraged Senior Prep.: "I think I'll come back here next year and take a business course and go off and be a typewriter."

* * *

Miss M. Ferguson, being asked if the recital began at 7:45, quickly replied, "No, at a quarter to eight?" She evidently forgot they were the same.

* * *

Miss Earnhardt's version of Scripture in regard to a certain man: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the woman looketh on the heart."

* * *

Miss Lanham (in English): "Yes, girls, going up the sun the road shines brightly."

* * *

Miss Allmond to Senior: "What day does Easter come on, any way?"

* * *

A recent discovery: Baptism was required for the purification of "Leopards" (lepers).

* * *

New Girl: "I think Miss Lanham is a 'dearly' woman.

* * *

Miss Cogdell's definition of "Trig.": "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Aurelia (hesitatingly): "Will you tell me something?"

Mary L. (kindly): "Yes, what is it?"

Aurelia: "Are boys seniors when they graduate?"

And Mary is wondering yet what Aurelia could have thought they were.

* * *

Mary Ferguson, sitting on top of the piano looking at thermometer, exclaimed, "Oh! Louise, guess what time it is?"

* * *

A Senior (desperately): "I declare I can't find the frontispiece to this book."

Lottie: "Why, *perhaps* it is in the back."

Senior (after having searched diligently for a long time): "Well, I guess this book hasn't one, for I have looked from the middle to the end and can't find it."

* * *

Answer to an examination question: "I just could not think of this."

* * *

Miss Lowder (reading an ananymous poem): "Dare, we've studied the life of Anon, haven't we? But I can't think of anything at all about him."

* * *

Miss ——— (after naming the ten plagues), added, "And the eleventh one, Miss Nutt, is this dreadful examination."

* * *

A Senior (holding up a large bottle): "This bottle holds a quart."

An *august* Senior (condescendingly): "The idea! It holds at least two pints."

* * *

Miss Rone: "What is the brain?"

Senior Prep. (triumphantly): "The skull contains the brain, which is the seat of love."

Definition of transposed order found in examination paper: "Under the influence of strong feeling you sometimes put the back of the sentence to the front and the front to the back. As: Miss J. is pretty, pretty is Miss J."

* * *

Teacher: "What were the Articles of Confederation?"

Freshie (thinking for some time): "Glass, tea and paper."

* * *

Make haste with the spelling class! For one poor word was actually spelt in all the following ways: Proportional, porpotional, propotional, propotinal and porpropotional! But variety lends spiciness to examination papers.

* * *

S. F.: Nitrous oxide is used by dentists because it makes the patient laugh." (Rather strenuous means, Mr. Dentist. Try a feather under the chin for some results!)

* * *

An easy road to fame!—"A lighted splint was plunged into the cylinder of nitrogen and was immediately *distinguished.*"

* * *

A new girl went to Mr. Rhodes and told him she had been sitting with her feet on the transom (meaning radiator) all day and they were still about to freeze.

* * *

A bright Freshman: "The House of Commons was established at the expiration of the Magna Charter."

* * *

History Teacher: "What was the cause of the Battle of Hastings?"

Pupil (enthusiastically): "Harold and William both wanted the throne. William said he ought to have it because it was promised to him when he graduated at court."

Wanted!

Wanted: To know why May S— has changed her song from, "I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise," to "When the whip-poorwill sings, Marguerite."

Wanted: To know why No. 103 is always vacated.

Wanted: Some jokes!!—Bernice Hornaday.

Wanted: To have flunked on chemistry, so I might take it again this year.—L. M. S.

Wanted: To know why you can never find the inmate of No. 85 without going to No. 96 for her.

Wanted: Some one to teach seniors when it is time to laugh.—Miss Lanham.

Lost: A voice. Wanted: Another, for Misses M. A. H. and A. F. B. can not well use one between them.

Found (at the bottom of exam. paper): "I have neither given nor received aid on this examination; but, Miss (——), you see I needed it."

"She who knows not, and knows not she knows not—she is a Freshman. Shun her!

She who knows not, and knows she knows not—she is a Sophomore. Honor her!

She who knows, and knows not she knows—she is a Junior. Pity her!

She who knows and knows she knows—she is a *Senior*. Reverence her!"

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Class 1908

Annie Crews ..... Presiden
Ghertrude Stanfield ..... Vice-President
Mabel West ..... Secretary
Winnie Evans ..... Treasurer
Clara Hearne ..... Poet-Historian

Class 1909

Bessie Boone ..... President
Blanch Holt ..... Vice-President
Sallie Jordan ..... Secretary
Mollie Stephenson ..... Treasurer
Elizabeth Harris ..... Historian
Ruth Lanham ..... Poet

Class 1910

Boyd Thorn ..... President
Emma McCullen ..... Vice President
Mattie Moore ..... Secretay
Alberta Aiken ..... Treasurer

Class 1911

Willietta Evans ..... President
Mary Ferguson ..... Vice-President
Ethel Spivey ..... Secretary
Louise Biges ..... Treasurer
Brownie Giles ..... Poet-Historian

Science Club

Mary Mayo ..... President
Helen Earnhardt ..... Vice-President
Bessie Boone ..... Secretary
Boyd Thorne ..... Treasurer

Eunomian Literary Society

Mary Sledge ..... Presldent
Nolie York ..... 1st Vice-President
Sallie Jordan ..... 2nd Vice-President
Sue Sanford ..... Recording Secretary
Margaret Lamb ..... Corresponding Sec.
Lucie Ross ..... Treasurer

Hyperion Literary Society

Annie Crews ..... President
Winnie Evans ..... 1st Vice-President
Mary Lowder ..... 2nd Vice-President
Edith Simmons ..... Recording Secretary
Blanche Holt ..... Corresponding Sec.
Mary Watkins ..... Treasurer

Athlectic Association

Helen Earnhardt ..... President
Bernice Hornaday ..... 1st Vice-President
Rebie Morris ..... 2nd Vice-President
Mary Watkins ..... 3rd Vice-President
Vela Walker ..... Secretary
Mary Swindell ..... Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.

Lottie Lee ..... President
Vela Walker ..... Vice-President
Mary Mayo ..... Secretary
Mollie Stephenson ..... Treasurer

CHATTERBOX STAFF.

MARY MAYO, '08. . . Editor-in-Chief. CLARA HEARNE, '08, Business Manager

LUCIE ROSS, '08. } Assistant Business Managers.
SALLIE JORDAN, '09. }

Associate Editors:

BLANCH HOLT, '09. }
BESSIE BOONE, '09. } . . . Literary.
MOLLIE STEPHENSON, '09. . Y.W. C. A.
EDITH SIMMONS, ... Abroad.
PAULINE HERRING, '08. . Among Us.
HELEN EARNHARDT, '08. . Exchange.
BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Roses, Carnations and other Cut Flowers. Floral Designs, Bouquets for Weddings and Flowers for All Occasions. Palms, Ferns and All Kinds of Pot Plants as well as Out of Door Bedding Plants.

H. STEINMETZ, Florist, Raleigh, North Carolina

TARRY HARDWARE CO.,

LITTLETON, N. C.

H. B. TARRY, Prop.

"EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE."

GRANT-TENNILLE CO.

CHOICE FANCY GROCERIES AND FRESH FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERIES AT ALL TIMES. EVERYTHING DELIVERED PROMPTLY. PHONE 13.

JAMES M. LAMB. H. L. LAMB. ROBERT J LAMB.

SUNNYSIDE FLORAL NURSERY,

Established 1873.

James M. Lamb & Sons., Proprietors.

Lock Box 55. Telephone 49. Fayetteville, N. C.

We grow and sell

PINES, SPRUCES, MAGNOLIAS, CAPE JASIMINES,

ROSES

and every thing for the flower garden

CUT FLOWERS, BOQUETS AND DESIGNS.

Littleton Female College

THIS INSTITUTION is splendidly located in Warren County, N. C., immediately on the Seaboard Air Line road about half way between Norfolk, Va., and Raleigh, N. C., in a section that has a wide reputation as a health resort.

We have a patronage of nearly 300 pupils—about 250 of whom are boarding pupils, and a faculty of about 25 officers and teachers.

We have hot water heat, electric lights, bath and toilet rooms, hot and cold water on every floor, and, in fact, all the modern improvements usually found in the best boarding schools.

WE HAVE THREE BUILDINGS ALL UNDER ONE CONTINUED ROOF CONTAINING MORE THAN 150 ROOMS HEATED WITH HOT WATER AND LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY. . . . . .

Any one who is acquainted with the institution and its work will tell the reader that Littleton College is a very superior school for the higher education of young women.

The home, Bible and religious atmosphere of the school make it a very desirable place for young women while away from home.

Our health record is a remarkable one. During the first 25 years of our existence we had but one death among our pupils.

For further information, or large illustrated free catalog, address,

J. M. RHODES, President,
LITTLETON, N. C.

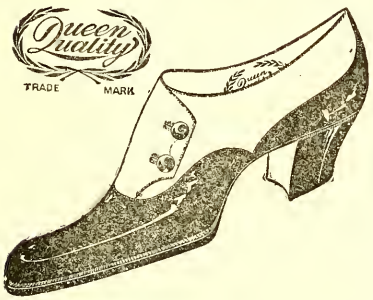
NELSON'S

THE LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE STOCK

[IN THE SAME SIZE STORE]

IN NORTH CAROLINA

SHOES OF QUALITY



In all our experience in shoe selling, we have never seen more attractive or more thoroughly good shoes than this season's "Queen Quality" styles. That they are all that good and fine shoes ought to be is evidenced by their tremendous vogue with discriminating women the country over. The choicest leather fashioned into shapes that for smartness, comfort and accurate fitting are the wonder of the shoemaking trade! And the variety is such that all shapes and sizes of feet can be fitted; just as all tastes can be pleased. Priced at $1.00, $3.50 and $3.00.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS OF STANDARD QUALITY

NOTIONS

Novelties in the Lines of Hosiery, Ready Made Underwear, Corsets, Neckwear, Belts, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Valenciennes Laces and Hamburgs.

DRY GOODS SPECIALTIES

Uniform Cloths and Woolens of the Latest Weaves, Special Values in White Lawns, Waistings, Etc.

WE SELL LADIES HOME JOURNALS

AND THE HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

M. NELSON.

Sterling Manufacturing Co.

EUGENE JOHNSTON, Proprietor

LITTLETON, N. C.

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS DRESSED LUMBER. TURNED WORK, MOULDING, ETC. A SPECIALTY. ORDERS FOR BOXES OF ANY DESCRIPTION SOLICITED.

FOR FOUR YEARS, the entire time we have been in the Drug Business, we have sold nothing but pure drugs. Now the Pure Food Law makes it a misdemeanor to sell anything else. We stand back of everything that is sold in our store. If there is any dissatisfaction, we want to know it, for we work all the time to please more. If it is pure drugs you wish and no substitution, then it will pay you to visit our store. : : : :

? ? WHOSE LABEL IS ON YOUR BOTTLE ? ?

IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH YOU

THE LITTLETON PHARMACY

E. C. & J. O. BOBBITT,

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise

SHOES A SPECIALTY

HARRISON'S DRUG STORE

Headquarters for Drugs and Chemicals, all kinds of Toilet Articles and Drug Sundries. We keep only the purest and best of everything in our line, and we pay strict attention to our Prescription Department.

HARRISON'S DRUG STORE,
LITTLETON, N. C.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED DAY OR NIGHT

E. A. PERRY,

DENTIST.

OFFICE HOURS 9 TO 1, 2 TO 5

LITTLETON, N. C.

UP TO DATE JEWELRY STORE.

Complete line of new designs and patterns in Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Lockets, Chains, Beauty Pins, Scarf Pins, Gold and Silver Hat Pins, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Watch Fobs, Lorgnette Chains, Chatelains, all kinds Gold and Silver Novelties, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles and Eye Glasses. : : : : : : : :

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED RIGHT.

H. J. CORDLE,
Jeweler and Optician.

LITTLETON, N. C.

Edwards & Broughton Printing Co.,
(Incorporated)

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

SPECIAL RATES ON **College Publications, Stationery, Invitations, Menus, etc.**

Correspondence Invited.